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THE THIRD EDITION.

LYRIC ODES, for 1783,

BY

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

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Entered at Stationers-Hall.

THE THIRD EDITION

LYRIC OF THE 18th



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

M O R E
L Y R I C O D E S
T O T H E
R O Y A L A C A D E M I C I A N S ,
B Y
P E T E R P I N D A R, Esq.
A
D I S T A N T R E L A T I O N
O F T H E
P O E T O F T H E B E S ,
A N D
LAUREAT to the ACADEMY.

T H E T H I R D E D I T I O N .

Ecce iterum Crispinus !

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at JOHNSON'S HEAD, No. 46, in *Fleet Street*; and
W. FOSTER, No. 348, near *Exeter-Change*, in the *Strand*.

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LYRIC ODES

ROYAL ACADEMICIAN

PETER RINDAK, ESQ.



LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE THIRD EDITION

LONDON

Printed by J. G. & J. H. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4.

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LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

Peter puffs away.—Displays his learning.—Praises the Reviewers.—Describes himself most pathetically.—Consoles himself.—Dislikes the road to the Temple of Fame by means of a pistol, poison, or a rope.—Addresses Great Folks.—Gives the King a broad hint.—Asks a queer question.—Makes as queer an apostrophe to GENIUS.

SONS of the Brush, I'm here again!
 At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
 Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!
 For hang me, if my last year's Odes
 Paid rent for *lodgings near the gods,
 Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For

* The Attic story, or, according to the vulgar phrase, Garret.

For odes, my Cousin had rump-steaks to eat !
 So says Pausanias---loads of dainty meat !
 And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit :
 The best historians one and all declare,
 With the most solemn air,
 The poet might have guttled till he split.

How different far, alas ! *my* Worship's fate !
 To soothe the horrors of an empty plate,
 The grave *Possessors of the Critic Throne,
 Gave me in truth, a pretty treat---
 Of flattery, mind me, not of meat ;
 For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no ! with all my Lyric pow'rs,
 I'm not like Mrs. Cosway's †*Hours*,
 Red as cock-turkies, plump as barn-door chicken :
 Merit and I are miserably off---
 We both have got a most consumptive cough ;
 Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

* See the Reviews for last year.

†A sublime picture this! the expression is truly Homerial.—The fair Artist hath in the most surprising manner communicated to canvass the old Bard's idea of the *Brandy-fac'd Hours*.—See the Iliad.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
 Are like the little Children in the Wood---
 And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die !
 May some good Christian Bard, in pity strong,
 Turn Redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song
 Bewail our hapless fate with wat'ry eye !

Poor Chatterton was starv'd—with all his art !
 Some consolation this, to my lean heart---
 Like him, in holes too, spider-like I mope :
 And there my Rev'ence may remain, alas !
 The world will not discover it, the as !
 Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope :

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees ;
 Then each my pow'rs with adoration sees---
 Nothing their kind civilities can hinder---
 When, like an Otho, I am found ;
 Like Jacob's sons, they'll look one t'other round,
 And cry, "Who would have thought this a young Pindar?"

Hanging's a dismal road to fame---
 Pistols and poison just the same---
 And what is worse, one can't come back again---
 Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
 We can't display it to mankind,
 Tho' won with such wry mouths and wrigling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes so clever, say,
 (For you have much to give away,
 And much your gentle patronage I lack)
 Speak, is it not a crying sin,
 That Folly's guts are to his chin,
 Whilst *mine* are flunk a mile into my back?

Oft as his Sacred Majesty I see,
 Ah! George (I sigh) 'Thou hast good things with thee,
 Would make me sportive as a youthful cat :
 It is not that my soul so loyal
 Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,
 Or be Archbishop---no! I'm not for that.

Nor

Nor really have I got the grace
 To wish for Laureat Whitehead's place ;
 Whose Odes Cibberian---sweet yet very manly,
 Are set with equal strength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one swear, that Heav'n *lov'd* fools,
 There's such a number of them made ?
 Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
 No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade :
 Yet, take a peep into those fellows breeches,
 We stare like congers, to observe the riches.

O Genius ! what a wretch art thou,
 That canst not keep a mare nor cow,
 With all thy compliments of wit so frisky !
 Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
 Beside his compter, gold can find,
 And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.

ODE

O D E II.

*Peter begins to criticise.—Addresses the British Raphael.—
Promises Mr. West great things, and like great folks
breaks his word.—Laughs at the Figure of King Charles
—Lashes that of Oliver Cromwell; and ridicules the
picture of Peter and John running to the Sepulchre.—
Understands plain-work, and justly condemns the shortness
of the shirts of Mr. West's Angels.—Concludes with
making that Artist a handsome offer of an American
Immortality.*

NOW for my criticism on paints,
Where bull-dogs, heroes, finners, saints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet!--
Behold the works of Mr. WEST!
That Artist first shall be addrest---
His pencil with due reverence I greet---

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
Which from my doughty lance he found;
Methinks I hear the trembling Painter bawl,
“Why dost thou persecute me, *Saul?*”

West,

West, let me whisper in thy ear---
 Snug as a thief within a mill,
 From me, thou hast no cause to fear :
 To panegyric, will I turn my skill ;
 And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
 I'll say most *handsome* things about the *frame*.

Don't be cast down---instead of gall,
 Molasses from my pen shall fall :
 And yet I fear thy gullet it is such,
 That could I pour all Niagara down,
 Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,
 Nor thing the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye Gods ! the portrait of the King !
 A very *Saracen* ! a glorious *thing* !
 It shows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye---
 Methinks I see the people stare,
 And, anxious for his life, declare,
 " King George hath got a fire-ship in his belly."

Thy Charles !---What must I say to that ?
 Each face unmeaning, and so flat !
 Indeed first cousin to a piece of board---
 But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays,
 To give our *Yankey* Painter praise ;
 So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Mr. *West*,
 And Oliver, I do protest,
 And eke the *witnesses of resurrection ;
 Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
 And make a properer window-blind,
 Than great †Correggio's, us'd for horse-protection.

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylor's measures,
 For table coverings, be treasures,
 With butchers, form for flies, most charming flappers ;
 And Monday mornings at the tub,
 When Queens of fuds their linen scrub,
 Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs, delightful wrappers.

West,

* Correggio's best pictures were actually made use of in the Royal Stables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

† Peter and John.

West, I forgot last year to say,
 Thy *Angels* did my delicacy hurt;
 Their linen so much coarseness did display:
 What's worse, each had not above half a shirt.
 I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of spiders,
 Ought to have deck'd that brace of heav'nly Riders.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump
 To somewhat longer for each rump?
 I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,
 By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a flop!
 Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
 And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme:

Sublimely tow'ring midst th'Atlantic roar,
 I'll waft thy praises to thy *native shore;
 Where *Liberty's* brave sons their Pœans sing,
 And every scoundrel Convict is a king.

O D E

* America.

O D E III.

The Poet addresses Mr. Gainborough.—Shows great Scripture erudition.—Condemns Mr. Gainborough's Plagiarism.—Gives the Artist wholesome advice.—Praises the Cornish Boy; and says fine things to Jackson.

NOW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy shining labours,
 Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
 On other Brushmen look'st contemptuous down,
 Like our great Admirals on a gang of swabbers.

My eyes, broad staring Wonder leads
 To yon dear *nest of Royal heads!
 How each the soul of my attention pulls!
 Suppose, my friend, thou giv'st the frame
 A pretty little Bible name,
 And call'st it *Golgotha, the place of Skulls?*

Say,

* A frame full of heads, in most *bumble* imitation of the Royal Family.

Say, didst thou really paint 'em (to be free) ?

An Angel finish'd Luke's transcendent line---
Perchaunce that civil Angel was with thee---
For let me perish if I think them thine.

Thy *Dogs are good !---but yet, to make thee stare,
The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders---
They tell thee, Genius in it had no share,
But that thou foully stol'st the Curs from *Snyders*.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't---
The man who scorns to do it, is a log:
An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
Were modesty, one might suppose ;
But, z---ds ! thou must not smuggle the *whole Dog*.

D

O GAINS-

* A picture of Boys setting Dogs to fight,

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature plaineth fore,
 That thou hast kick'd her out of door,
 Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
 To cull such genius out for thee---
 Lo ! all thy efforts without her are vain !
 Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head ?
 The Cornish Boy*, in tin mines bred ;
 Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
 In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun*.
 'Tis JACKSON's portrait---put the laurel on it,
 Whilst to that tuneful Swan I pour a sonnet.

* O P I E.

SONNET,

S O N N E T,

To J A C K S O N, of EXETER.

E NCHANTING Harmonist! the art is thine,
 Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
 That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
 Soothing the wounded bosom of Despair!

O say, what Minstrel of the sky hath giv'n
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?
 Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad,—thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
Love, from his Cyprian isle, prepares to fly;
 He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
 And learn from thee, to breathe a sweeter sigh.

O D E

O D E V.

*The Great Peter, by a bold Pindaric jump, leaps from
Sonnet to Gull-catching.*

READER, dost know the mode of catching Gulls?
If not, I will inform thee---Take a board,
And place a fish upon it for the fools---
A Sprat, or any fish by Gulls ador'd:

Those birds who love a lofty flight,
And sometimes bid the Sun good night;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below;
Sans cérémonie, down they rush,
(For Gulls have got no manners) on they push,
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?
They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead,
Plump on the board---then lie like Boobies dead.

Reader,

Reader, thou need'ft not beat thy brains about,
 To make fo plain an application out—
 There's many a painting Puppy, take my word,
 Who knocks his filly head againft a *board*—
 That might have help'd the ftate—made a good Jailer,
 A Nightman, or a tolerable Taylor.

E

O D E

O D E VI.

Peter discovers more Scriptural Erudition.—Grows sarcastic on the Exhibition.—Gives a wonderful account of St. Dennis.—Blushes for the honour of his country.—Talks sensibly of the Duc de Chartres and the French King.

“**F**IND me in Sodom out,” (exclaim’d the Lord)
 “Ten Gentlemen, the place sha’n’t be untown’d---
 “That is, I will not burn it ev’ry board:”

The dev’l a Gentleman was to be found!
 But this was rather hard, since Heav’n well knew
 That ev’ry Fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This house is nearly in the same condition---

Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes---
 Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition,

That ought not to be d---n’d, I’ll burn my Odes!
 And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
 Just as it was for poor Lord *Mansfield’s* papers*.

St.

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great Law Expounder, burnt! burnt in Lord George Gordon’s religious conflagration.—The newspapers howled, for months, over their ashes.—*Ohe jam satis est.*

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
 Hugg'd it, and kifs'd it—carried it a mile---
 This was a pleasant miracle enough,
 That maketh many an Unbeliever smile.

“ 'Sblood! 'tis a lie!” you roar—Pray do not swear,
 You may believe the wond'rous tale indeed!
 Speak, haven't you said that many a Picture here,
 Was really done by folks without a *head*?
 And haven't you sworn this instant with surprise,
 That he who *did* that *thing*, had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it that such miserable stuff,
 The walls of this stupendous building, stains?
 The Council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;
 Mind me—I don't say, batter out their *brains*.
 What will Duke *Chartres* say when he goes home,
 And tells King *Lewis* all about the Room?

Why,

Why, viewing fuch a fet of red-hot Heads,
 Our Exhibition, he will liken *Hell* to;
 Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
 Give hand-bills of the *Wond'rous Katterfelto*;
 Swearing th'Academy was all fo flat,
 He'd rather fee the *Wizard* and his *cat*.

ODE

O D E VII.

The British Peter elegantly and happily depicts his Great Cousin of Thebes.—Talks of Fame.—Horsewhips the Painters, for turning their own Trumpeters.

A Defultory way of writing,
 A hop, and step, and jump mode of inditing,
 My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted :
 Or, (for I love the Bard to flatter)
 By jerks, like Boar-pigs making water,
 Whatever first came in his sconce,
 Bounce, out it flew, like bottled ale, at once,
 A Cock, a Bull, a Whale, a Soldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for Fame !
 How, poacher-like, we hunt the game !
 No matter, for it, how we play the fool---
 And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
 And really, very natural to prefer
 One Grain of Praise, to Pounds of Ridicule.

F

I've

I've lost all patience with the trade---
 I mean the Painters---who can't stay
 To see their works by Criticism display'd,
 And hear what *others* have to say ;
 But calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,
 Sound their own praise from their own **penny* trumpet.

Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,
 Where the mad Lyric Muse, with pain,
 Hammering hard verse, her skill employs,
 And beats a tinman's shop in noise ;
 Catching wild tropes and similes,
 That hop about like swarms of fleas—
 We've *lost* SIR JOSHUA---Ah ! that charming Elf,
 I'm griev'd to say, hath this year lost *himself*.

Oh !

* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public Papers swarmed with those Self-adulators.

Oh ! *Richard*, thy **St. George*, so brave,
 Wisdom and Prudence could not save
 From being foully murder'd, my good friend :
 Some weep to see the woeful figure,
 Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
 As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee accept th' advice I give with sorrow---
 Of poor *St. George* the useless armour borrow,
 To guard thy own poor corpse---don't be a mule---
 Take it---ev'n now thou'rt like a hedgehog, *quill'd*,
 (*Richard*, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*)
 By the dire shafts of merc'less ridicule.

Pity it is ! 'tis true 'tis pity !
 As Shakespear lamentably says ;
 That thou, in this observing City,
 Thus run'st a wh-r-ng after PRAISE :
 With *strong desires* I really think thee fraught ;
 But, *Dick*, the Nymph so coy, will not be caught.

Yet,

* See Mr. Colway's picture, of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour, arming
St. George.

Yet, for thy consolation, mind !

In this thy wounded pride, may refuge find---

Think of the *Sage* who wanted a fine *piece* :

Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at least,

On *Lais*, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast---

The Mrs. *Robinson* of Greece.

Prithee give up, and save the paints and oil ;

And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil :

Thou'lt say, " Lord ! many hundreds do like *me*."

Lord ! so have fellows *robb'd*---nay, further,

Hundreds of villains have committed *Murth*er ;

But, *Richard*, are these Precedents for *thee* ?

O D E

O D E VIII.

Peter grows ironically facetious.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade---
 I've said it often, and repeat it---
 She doth not understand her trade---
 Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it*.

Look now, for heaven's sake, at her skies !
 What are they ?---Smoke, for certainty, I know ;
 From chimney-tops, behold ! they rise,
 Made by some sweating Cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes :—
 From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses bums---
 Then tell me, *Decency*, I must request,
 Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast* ?

Paint by the yard---your canvafs spread,
Broad as the main-fail of a man of war---
Your Whale fhall eat up ev'ry other Head,
Ev'n as the Sun licks up each sneaking Star!

I do affure you, *bulk* is no bad trick---
By bulky *things* both *Men* and *Maids* are taken---
Mind too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your picture look as red as Bacon.
All folks love *fixe*; believe my rhyme,
Burke fays, 'tis *part* of the *Sublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name,---*Van Grout*,
Van Slabberchops, *Van Stink*, *Van Swab*,
No matter, tho' I cannot make it out---
At calling names I never was a dab:

This

This Dutchman then, a man of taste,
Holding a Cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a Burgomaster, spoke with judgement *vast*,
"No Poet like my broder step de ground :

"He be de bestest Poet, look !
"Dat all de world must please ;
"Vor he heb vrite von book,
"So *big* as all dis *cheese* !"

If at a *distance* you would paint a Pig,
Make out each single bristle on his back :
Or if your meaner subject be a Wig,
Let not the caxon a *distinctness*, lack ;
Else, all the Lady Critics will so stare,
And, angry vow, "'Tis not a bit like hair !"

Be smooth as glass---like DENNER, finish high :

Then every tongue commends---

For people judge not *only* by the eye,

But *feel* your merit by their finger-ends :

Nay ! closely *nosing*, o'er the Picture, dwell ;

As if to try the *Goodness* by the *Smell*.

Claude's distances are too confus'd---

One floating scene---nothing made out---

For which he ought to be abus'd,

Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing stile

Makes a Bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;

And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,

With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make

Make all your Trees alike, for Nature's *wild---*
 Fond of variety, a wayward child---
 To blame your taste some blockheads may presume ;
 But, mind that ev'ry one be like a Broom.
 Of Steel and purest Silver form your Waters,
 And make your Clouds like Rocks and Alligators.

Whene'er you paint the Moon, if you are willing
 To gain applause---why, paint her like a Shilling :
 Or SOL's bright orb---be sure to make him glow
 Precisely like a Guinea, or a *Jo.
 In short, to get your Pictures prais'd and fold,
 Convert, like Midas, *ev'ry thing to Gold.*

H

I see

* A Portugal Coin, *vulgarly* called a Johannes.

I see, at excellence, you'll come at *last*---
 Your Clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
 The blues on China Mugs are now surpass'd,
 Your Sun-fets yield not to Brick-walls, nor Buff.

In Stumps of Trees, your art so finely thrives,
 They really look like Golden-hafted Knives!
 Go on, my Lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
 And She ere long will come and copy *You*.

O D E

O D E IX.

The sublime Peter concludes in a Sweat.

THUS have I finish'd, for this time,
 My Odes, a little wild and rambling---
 May people bite like Gudgeons at my rhyme !
 I long to see them scrambling---
 Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing)
 But this is full sufficient for a **Shilling*.
 For such a trifle, *such a heap* !
 Indeed, I sell my Goods too *cheap*.

Finish'd ! a disappointed Artist cries,
 With open mouth, and straining eyes ;
 Gaping for praise, like a young Crow for meat---
 " Lord ! why, you have not mention'd *me* !"
 Mention *Thee* ?

Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat*---
 What rage for Fame attends both Great and Small !
 Better be *d--n'd*, than mention'd *not at all* !

* Now Eighteen Pence, with Additions.

F I N I S.

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